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Minecraft



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Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

Steve has joined the server.

Chapter 2 by Chance P.



Steve looked around, it seems like a plains. To his left he sees a sheep. But there's something odd about the sheep, it had pink wool. He started to punch the sheep with his bolcky fists. The sheep made a weird Baa sound. Got mad then ran. Steve ran after the sheep, and kept punching. The sheep dropped to the floor dead. Steve collected the pink wool and slowly walked away in shame.

Chapter 3 by Panda Talks



Steve ran to the nearest forest and found a oak tree. He used his fists to punch the wood until it broke. He was jumped in surprise as the tree did not fall when he took out one of the blocks. The tree was defying gravity and was just floating there. He shrugged it off and continued on with his day. Steve didn't know. The only thing he knew was that he needed to survive.

Chapter 4 by Joe Bob Smith III



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Chapter 5 by LethalPianist



Steve decided to make a house for himself. After all, the night was filled with plenty of unknown dangers. He stacked up his wooden blocks, and used his ax to carve up the wood. He also fashioned a wooden door, made of solid blocky oak. He admired his house. It was clunky and sure wasn't pretty, but it was his.

Suddenly, he heard a twang. Then something slammed into the wall next to him. He looked at it, confused. It was an arrow.

The groans of the dead rose from the forest.

Chapter 6 by Ryan Levisky



The dead continue to approach onto Steve. He can barely defend his shack, but he thinks he can pull it off. He looks out. He counts ten skeletons. He thinks about his plan. He will fight them head on.

He charges toward the skeletons. He sees that they have changed their target to fire at him. He thinks about retreating, but his house looks like one second away from oblivion. With nothing to lose, Steve charges them more. He is now right next to the first skeleton.

Sometimes, he starts to think. These guys have destroyed his house and his life. He slays them with no problem. They all turn into bones, lying on the ground. He trots back to his clearing, but it is empty.

Steve stops to think. He expands his clearing and builds a new hut. It's way more stable. Steve thinks he could live forever.

He puts a garden outside. He starts to grow wheat. He later bakes it into bread. He eats the food without even noticing how hungry he is.

After a day of walking in the forest, Steve returns home after collecting enough iron to upgrade his equipment and to provide himself with more protection against the dead. He goes exploring in the night.

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After spending a good day attempting to figure out the proper placement of iron for armour as well as shears which can help increase the amount of wool that he gets from sheep without having to kill them.

On top of that he takes a piece of flint that he had found lying in a pile of gravel in a small cave that didn't go any deeper than 3 blocks. With that piece of flint he took his last piece of iron and fashioned those two items so that it creates what the crafting table, which is what he decided to name it, called flint and steel. With this flint and steel, Steve had a better way to keep his house warm and lit during the night time as well as serving a dual purpose of being used to create an incinerator for useless items.

Looking at what he has accomplished in that day and for part of the night he decides to go to bed and try go to to sleep for another day of progress.

Suddenly there are loud banging noises coming from the door as well as many other strange noises outside accompanied by sounds of explosions. Startled, Steve jumps out of bed and puts on his armour and dons his sword and exits through the rear door of his hut and looks out over his clearing.

In his clearing he sees a rather large group of about 20-30 skeletons which are slaying all of his animals that lie just within the border of the clearing. He glances over at his front door to see what the commotion was and discovers that there is a horde of approximately 8 zombies trying to get into his home. He tries looking around his clearing for the source of the explosions and finds several gaping holes in what used to be his garden. Steve runs back into his house and grabs his bow along with as many arrows as he can carry and runs back outside. When he gets to the spot he was at before he hears the strange noise that he had heard from inside and begins searching for its source.

Suddenly worried about what it could be he begins to frantically look around to make sure that it isn't what he thinks it is. Then after glancing at his hut for a few seconds he sees a tall, thin, black figure with purple particles emanating from hit, grab the door and tear it from its hinges

then it teleports away to who knows where then returns with empty hands.

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Steve couldn't believe his eyes. He had just seen what he thought he was seeing? Yes, his eyes did tend to be faulty. But he was in fact witnessing an Enderman which he has found cave drawings with a few abandoned journals during his

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adventures which provide detailed explanations of these strange figures, suddenly appearing out of nowhere taking whatever block is in front of it. These figures, as described by the journals, were known as Enderman.

With the obstacle that is the door removed, the horde of zombies began flowing into his hut and Steve started hearing sounds of smashing and some more banging. Seeming to be confused the zombie horde piles out of the rear door of his hut and appear to be looking for traces of Steve. The Enderman appears on top of his hut, making gestures that indicate its frustration. Then the Enderman stops completely and then his head instantly turns to Steve.

Startled and terrified, Steve turns around and begins bolting into the forest without looking back.

Now lost, cold, and pretty sure that he has escaped the Enderman, Steve searches for another clearing so that he can build himself another hut in which he can better arm himself for a counter-offensive against the Enderman.

After searching for what seems like hours, Steve finds another clearing and builds a temporary shelter and sleeps in anticipation of the next day.

Chapter 8 by Rachel



With the pixelated sun rising in the east, Steve awakens from his sleep to find a few stray zombies burning in the light. He punches them with his fist, upset with the fact that his house was utterly destroyed.

Steve takes his bed with him, starting off towards a tree to gather wood. His spirits are low and opposite of the bluer sky above him.

He turns around, taking a closer look at the clearing that he slept in.

A slow decline into a deep cave revealed itself as he walked closer. A couple steps in, the cave's mouth widened to hold another path, with wooden planks as the floor. A ferling of excitement

awakened him, as he began to punch trees for charcoal to make torches, a new adventure awaited him.

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